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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, March 1.

The Times says a reply agreed to by the Vice-President of the Council of the Empire. When the Tsar received it from the Council of Ministers, there was added the Emperor's own autograph letter.

M. Stolypin, Constitutional Democrat, was elected President, and said that we were called on a duties for the welfare of the nation and hoped to cooperate with the Assembly in every way for the good legislation submitted to the first Duma.

London, March 6.

Armed policemen charged a procession of workmen gathered round the house of M. Petrunkevitch who was elected to the Second Duma when the troops fired on the people with ball cartridge and two persons were killed by bullets.

The youngest Arthur Chichester, brother of Lord Carnarvon has died at London.

London, March 6.

Mr. Hill asked whether there had been any recent political crimes with the Amir.

Mr. Morley replied that a certain number of political or ordinary crimes had not previously been made by natives who had been punished by the Amir. He was not aware whether any such instances occurred in connection with the disturbances which followed the death of Abdur Rahman.

Mr. Morley replying to Mr. Ward said that proposals made by the Chinese regarding the consolidation and reduction of loans upon which have been raised, but that it was not in the public interest to lay the papers on the table at present.

Mr. Gordon drew the attention of Sir Edward Grey to the appointment by the Persian Assembly of a committee to enquire into the concessions granted to British and other foreigners.

Sir E. Grey replied that Mr. Arthur Cox (telegraphic) in view the latter that no decision had been arrived.

Yesterday evening Lord Tweedmouth presiding at a banquet at the Mansion House Committee and that the Navy was above and beyond party considerations and that there was no intention to reduce the service. And he confidently expressed between naval and naval members of the Admiralty.

A fresh war Galway on a steamer in which was General Sir Patrick Cunningham of the Colonies of Mauritius. The General and his wife were injured.

London, March 7.

The Times in commenting on the journey of the correspondent to Persia to Southern Persia tells us the considerable revolution of improvement in the feelings of the population towards the foreigners and the general desire for Western education. This movement, that the people in Angola, due to the concern and consideration of Japanese. The correspondent of The Times correspondent with him feelings on a belief that the whole movement in China is dominated by subterfuge here.

The Persian Committee of the Bahaists have opened an a way of Cross running to build a hospital at some place.

The Cotton Association meets on Tuesday to discuss what steps to be with reference to the representations of the Chamber of Commerce in favour of the Swingers Tissues and Bolivar cottons.

Allahabad, March 8.

The equipment of Rose and Field Batteries in India with the new quick firing gun is to be completed during the summer year. Practices of concentration will also be made on a large scale.

London, March 13.

Lord Tweedmouth speaking at Oxford said that it is satisfactory that Government departmental measures by the many which it contemplated could be strongly passed by the progress of whatever and the Government which is to the Higher Edu. Act makes the reduction of accounts. If other points did not meet as they must into the opportunity.

London, March 8.

The Daily Telegraph announces that the Duke of Connaught will probably be asked to accept the command in India when Lord Kitchener retires. It is hoped Sir Neville Paget will become Chief of the General Staff at the War Office.

London, March 10.

The Anglo-French purchase of the Constantinople grain has stimulated German dealers in Constantinople where that the large continental German commercial interests of Turkey to demonstrated. It transpires that Germany Ambassador has successfully endeavoured to forestall the purchase.

London, March 9.

The Times states that Mr. Asquith is arranging a scheme of old age pensions in the coming budget involving the same who are dependent without this fund.

London, March 10.

The Socialists in the Duma are determined to hold the public delinquency questions in all cases. The Moderates are showing themselves leading characters of the Socialists party in their subsequent attitude.

London, March 11.

Mr. Bowerman, replying to Mr. Lonsdale said that the battleships of prominence was not included in the Budget proposals but the question of cancelling it had since been considered. He was unable to make any further statement until Russia issued the final resolution.

Telegrams from Delhi state that a thousand officers of and added the Bulgarian Premier M. Petkoff will be the house was suffering to a public speaker.

The ministry has appointed M. Gorenoff the Minister of Commerce.

The Bulgarian Embassy has adopted as a compulsory medical examination when a prolonged sojourn discussion.

A telegram from Bombay states that Japan is withdrawing all troops from Manchuria leaving 15,000 as the garrison.

The Foreign Consuls are strongly protesting against unreasonable search of the Cabu quarter.

A case of plague has occurred at Port Said.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Arabs have a saying that the desert is the "Garden of Allah." The meaning of this curious name is that the thought of God and of his perfections flourishes best in the absence of everything that might attract the attention to the work of man. Where there is nothing but the bare earth, the clear air and the sky above, the mind is free to appreciate the spiritual beauty that would otherwise be hidden from the easily blinded gaze of man.

No one can doubt that there is a certain amount of truth in this idea, and it may help us to understand our Maker better if we consider his dealings with us in this light. A certain poet sings:—

"My mind to me a garden is." And Shakespeare makes Iago say:—"Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners," but the Bible expresses a still greater truth when it gives us the statement of Jesus "My Father is the husbandman."

When God sees that there is no space in our minds, amid the luxuriant growth of other ideas, for thought about Him, He prunes the branches and sometimes tears away entire plants in order to give us room for the more precious trees of His own planting. To one who has been accustomed to wide ranges of mental effort, whose mind has been filled with the hundreds of objects of thought with which modern man delights himself there comes a very subtle temptation in the form of an intellectual preoccupation that prevents his gaining what he should from his hours of contemplation by way of approach to God. If such a man be in any way cut off from his ordinary sources of pleasure, his books, his special profession, or his companions, the pain can be compared only to that of mutilation, or "pruning" (if we can imagine that a vine has the power of feeling); but the result must be growth in a new direction. How can we venture to complain of anything that God may do if it leads us to think of Him. "How marvelous are thy thoughts unto me O God."

Life is too short for any vain regretting;
Let dead delight bury its dead, I say,
And let us go upon our way forgetting
The joys, and sorrows, of each yesterday.
Between the swift sun's rising and its setting,
We have no time for useless tears or fretting.
Life is too short.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling;
Time is the best avenger if we wait.
The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing,
We have no room for anything like hate.
This solemn truth the low mounds seem revealing
That thick and fast about our feet are stealing.
Life is too short.

Life is too short for aught but high endeavour,—
Too short for spite, but long enough for love.
And love lives on for ever and for ever,
It links the worlds that circle on above
To God's first law, the universe's lover.
In His vast realm the radiant souls sigh never
"Life is too short."

EARLY BRITAIN.

Its First Discovery by Greeks.

("Manchester Guardian.")

The days of prehistoric Britain, when our island was a wild country hardly known by name to the civilised inhabitants of the Mediterranean coasts, were described by Professor Boyd Dawkins in one of his Museum lectures. His subject was the discovery of Britain, and he spoke of the way in which the first knowledge of Britain penetrated to the Greeks and the Romans. As to the Phœnicians, he said, he had no moral doubt that Phœnician ships visited Britain before the Greeks. This could not be proved, but he had no doubt that the old tradition which spoke of a connection between the tin mines of Cornwall and the Phœnicians was founded on fact. There was maritime communication between Cornwall and the Mediterranean, where tin was valued for the making of bronze, before the Greeks set foot in Britain. Professor Boyd Dawkins devoted some time to explaining the early relations of the Greek colonists of Massilia, or Marseilles, and Britain. Massilia was the great central emporium for the exchange of commodities between the east and the west of Europe. In this way iron, slaves, and corn from Britain found their way by means of Greek traders to the Continent. A full account was given of the first voyage of discovery into Britain, of which we have any record—that of Pytheas in B.C. 225. Pytheas, 'a professor of mathematics in the University of Massilia,' led an expedition from Massilia past Spain and Gaul to Britain. He probably wintered at Dover. The account of his explorations in the country which he wrote has been lost, but fragments have been preserved in the works of hostile critics.

Pytheas, it appears, was regarded as one of the most accomplished liars of antiquity, but the lecturer said that many of his remarks which were considered most ab-

surd, had turned out to be accurate. Thus, he said that the climate of Britain was so rainy that the inhabitants threshed their corn in barns instead of the open air. The inhabitants of Southern Britain, Pytheas said, were more civilized than those of the North, 'but,' he added, 'they are very old-fashioned.' At the time when Pytheas was wintering in Dover, prehistoric Manchester was in existence—the Manchester that centred round the fortress on the site now occupied by the Cathedral and the Grammar School, and which is cut off by Hanging Ditch. Britain was comparatively highly civilized even at that early date. Pytheas brought to the South the knowledge of the word Britain, and his use of the word proves that at that time the Britons were in possession, and that in B.C. 325 a tongue closely allied to Welsh was being spoken in Manchester.' Pytheas and his companions made their way from Britain to Scandinavia, or Thule, as it was then called. It was his statement that the sea round the coast in winter was in a thick, glutinous condition (the first stage of frost) that particularly earned him the derision of his critics. The voyage of 325 was the beginning of that long history of exploration in which the English adventurers of the time of Elizabeth took so great a part.

The pear tree will continue bearing fruit for several centuries. Trees bearing fruit in abundance when at least three hundred years old are not uncommon. They are much longer lived than the apple, which rarely lasts more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty years. The pear tree also grows much larger than the apple, and when two hundred years old has often the dimensions of a forest tree.

—The three symbols of the Imperial house of Japan are the mirror, the crystal, and the the sword, and they are carried in front of the Emperor on all state occasions. Each has its significance. "Look at the mirror and reflect thyself," or in other words "Know thyself," is the message of the mirror. "Be pure and shine" is the crystal's injunction, while the sword is a reminder to "Be sharp."

Considerably over 1,000 earthquakes occur in Japan each year, but many of them are only slightly noticeable.

To-day more than 80 per cent of the cost of the world's Government is caused by wars—past, present and prospective.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

Some years ago I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stables, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The despatch was:

"Hebe has hurt her foot. Come at once."

Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune. She had stepped on a nail or or bit of iron, and it had penetrated the tender part of the foot. She was in intense agony, and almost wild with pain.

Long before we reached the enclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting; and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward, and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her look—poor thing!

Even Dick quailed now. "You can never get near her," he whispered. "She'd kill you sure."

Her keeper divined what he said. "Don't you be afraid, sir," he called out to me. "Hebe's got sense." I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

The men employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

While I was doing so, as gently as I could, I felt to my horror a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's; but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful suggestiveness.

"She's only curling your hair," snug out the keeper. Don't mind her."

"I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I, by way of reply. He said a few words in some lingo which were evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness, "Cut away"

The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, absolutely unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an every-day occurrence.

Well, I made one gash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not urgently. Cold drops of perspiration stood out all over me.

"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out.

"Cut away!" came again the encouraging response.

This stroke did the work. A great mass of fetid matter followed the passage of the knife; the abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum, and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business, and picked up me and the tools; I was as limp as a rag.

It must have been a year and a half after this happened that I was called to Western Massachusetts to see some

fancy horses. Barnum's circus happened to be there. You may be sure that I called to inquire for my distinguished patient.

"Hebe's well and beauty, sir," the keeper answered me. "Come in and see her, she'll be glad to see you."

"Nonsense!" said I, though I confess I had a keen curiosity to see if she would know me, as I stepped into the tent.

"There she stood, the beauty, as well as ever. For a moment she looked at me, indifferently, then steadily and with interest. She next reached out her trunk, and laid it caressingly first on my shoulder and then on my hair—how vividly her touch brought back to my mind the cold shiver I endured at my introduction to her!—and then she slowly lifted her foot, now whole and healthy, and showed it to me. That's the sober truth!"—Our Dumb Animals.

NO MORE SEA.

The sea is the symbol of separation. It separated John on Patmos from his friends in Ephesus. I think that is his first thought here. But, he says, this is not for long. Continents and seas, and misunderstandings, and sin, and prejudices sunder us here, but not there. The friends who fell asleep set long ago are separated from us. But when we follow them and get where the redeemed are, and look upon the well-remembered face, there will come to our memories like the words of some old sweet song—there is no more sea. United never more to be separated.

But the separations of time by lake and sea and river and continent and condition and death are but pale, unsubstantial ghosts compared with the separations of eternity. Like Judas, each of us shall go to his own place. Not the place God has made for us; but the place each has made for himself—where character, formed here, puts him. The streams which have made that sea of separation, have had their source in human hearts, impatient of restraint, thoughtless as to the future, indifferent as to God and the soul.

The butterfly life, motto, pleasure; the mole life, motto, cares of the world; the swine life, motto, lust; streams from them all flow continually into that dark sea. No ships on its bosom. Raging winds of the sea sweep over its waters, an eternal tornado, a storm which no back from the shore of the separated can hope to weather.

Shut for the things which might have been. They stand upon the jagged rocks, the gloom clad cliffs of the farther shore, and contemplate their doom. "There at length they must judge themselves as God has always judged them."

Their lost or misused opportunities; their forfeited birthright, their glorious possibility, ineffable in its glory, their awful actuality, ineffable in its awfulness, the nature which God gave them; the nature they have made themselves, the destiny for which he designed them, the destiny to which they have doomed themselves—these will fasten upon their thoughts, till the contemplation must terminate in madness, were not madness a mercy, belonging to the world of flesh alone."

—Selected.

THE HOME AND THE COMMUNITY.

Jacob A. Riis, in one of his lectures on "The Peril and the Preservation of the Home," said: "The home-loving peoples have been the strong peoples in all times, those that have left a lasting impression on the world. Stable government is but the protection the law throws around the home, and the law itself is the outgrowth of the effort to preserve it. The Romans, whose heirs we are in most matters pertaining to the larger community life, and whose law our courts are expounding yet, set their altars and their firesides together, and their holiest oaths were by their household gods. It would seem that in that lay the secret of their strength, and that in the separation of the fireside and the altar lies that great peril of our day. When for the fireside we get a hole in the floor and a hot air register, we lose not only the lodestone that drew the scattered members of the family to a common focus, but with it went too often the old and holy sense of home. "I and my house, we will serve the Lord." Rome perished when most of her people became propertyless—homeless. There comes to mind a significant passage in the testimony of the secretary of a Prison Association before a legislative committee appointed to investigate the draft riots of 1863. The mob, he said, came, as did eighty per cent of the crime of the metropolis, from the element in the population "whose homes have ceased to be sufficiently separate, decent and desirable to afford what are regarded as ordinary wholesome influences of home and family." The household god of the slum tenement is too apt to be the boss with his corruption of the neighbor ideal into utter selfishness.

In France, many years ago, a voice was raised in warning: "Kill the home and you destroy family, manhood, patriotism." The warning was vain, and the home-loving Germans won easily over the people whose language as has been said lacks the one word "Home."
—The Pilgrim.

The latest official census of Russia shows that the country has a population of 125,640,021, comprising thirty-seven tribes and nationalities.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT AND INCIDENT

(Where Source is Known, Credit is Given.)

"If you wait for happiness to come to you," said a shrewd observer, "you'll wait till the last train has gone, and so you'll miss your chance to reach it." The way of happiness is not traveled by sitting still. Happiness is not a passive state, but the joyous activity of the best and highest powers of the soul.

—American Church Sunday School Magazine.

Many mechanical puzzles are practically solved, or rendered insolvable, after the first few moves. If the first steps are correctly taken, the remainder of the task is easy. It is pretty much this way with life, Jesus says. Put first things first and second things will naturally fall into their proper place. "Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

—W. T. Ellis.

It was the certainties of the soul that made Paul the preacher he was. There is nothing in negations to beget enthusiasm. Agnosticism breeds no missionaries or martyrs. Paul was certain of three things—that he had an Almighty Saviour; that his life was in the hands of a loving Father; and that a place in the Father's house awaited him after death; the three things that most utterly perplex and trouble men—sin, sorrow, death.

What we want to make us true men, over and above that which we bring into the world with us, is some sort of God-given instinct, motive and new principle of life in us, which shall make us not only to see the right and the true and the noble, but love it, and give up our wills and hearts to it, and find in the confession of our weakness a strength, in the subjection of our wills a freedom, and in the utter carelessness about self a self-respect, such as we have never known before.

—Charles Kingsley.

I am often impressed by the different ways in which different persons are affected by sorrows. Some seem to have no rallying power after a great affliction; the wound never heals. On the other hand, trials that consume some persons only kindle others into greater exertions. "This financial gale has carried away all your spars, and swept your decks." I once wrote to an eminent Christian merchant after his bankruptcy, "but you have got enough grace stowed away in your hold to make you rich to all eternity." That brave servant of Christ repaired damages, resumed business, rallied his friends, and "at evening time it was light." Smitten down, he was not destroyed.

The afflictions which are sent of God, or permitted by him, are never intended for his children's destruction, but for their discipline. The Shepherd casts his flock into deep waters to wash them, not to drown them. "You will kill that bush if you put that knife into it so deep," said a gentleman to his gardener. "No, sir; I do this every year to keep it from running all to leaves; pruning brings the fruit." We pastors often find God's faithful ones bleeding under the knife, but afterwards they yield the peaceable and precious fruits of righteousness and triumphant trust. It is that "afterward" that God has in his mind when he sends the trial. Affliction is the costly school in which great graces are often acquired, and from which grand characters are graduated.

—Cuyler.

DARK DERMOT.

By the late Nora Chesson.
(The 'Outlook,' London.)

Out of the darkness Dermot came,
We gave him welcome and a name.

He would not speak, he did but cry
At taking up mortality.

He brought with him when he came here
Nothing at all of goods and gear,

We clad him in a smoky dress,
And ere he found it colourless

We laid him in a cradle green
Fit for the babe of Fairy-Queen.

In the blue brightness before noon
Night granted him, unasked, her boon.

Dreaming, he doubled up his fist,
We kissed the hand and wrist,

His mouth was like a rosebud red,
His hair curled dark upon his head.

He woke with loud and hungry cries,
And showed the blueness of his eyes.

And then my hungry guest I fed,
Lifting him softly from his bed.

I gave him neither bread nor meat,
No wine to drink nor fruit to eat.

I do not know what magic brought
The milk he found before he sought.

He drank, and then he nestled to
My heart and crooned as babies do.
That's how we welcomed Dermot dhu.

Mount Cook, the highest peak peakin New Zealand, 13,625 feet high, has just been climbed for the first time.

WELLINGTON'S TELESCOPE.

Upon two small heights not far from each other the French and British had their respective stations. Already in the Pyrenees they had had severe fighting, and they were now on the eve of a final encounter.

In the English camp, surrounded by his devoted personal staff Lord Wellington stands conspicuous. He holds a telescope, and at frequent intervals looks steadily at one particular spot.

He is watching the French commander. Presently through the powerful glass he observes Marshal Soult take up his pen, sit down to write, evidently in haste, and give the paper to an aide-de-camp. Then he sees him for several minutes point with the first finger of his right hand in a certain direction, while with his left he makes many curious, significant gestures.

The aide-de-camp mounts his horse, and gallops away at full speed.

Wellington lays down his telescope. He has quite understood it all, nor for a second doubts that Soult has sent orders that his men shall take up their position in the precise spot to which he has just pointed, and surprise the British.

Immediately Wellington's officers receive his instructions, and forthwith some noble English regiments, by no means least among them our own gallant Highlanders, their shrill bagpipes striking up the most inspiring of military music, follow each other with such marvellous quickness that a considerable time before the arrival of the French, they have actually reached the exact spot pointed to by Marshal Soult!

Need I tell you the rest! A splendid victory upon the British side, and a speedy end of the dreadful Peninsular war.

Many years afterwards Lord Wellington, then the famous Duke, related the story at a dinner-party in Apsley House, saying that, under God, he owed entirely to his telescope the winning in 1814 of this decisive battle.

JUBILEE OF A COLOUR.

Fifty years ago Dr. William H. Perkin, when a lad of eighteen, discovered the dye stuff "mauve," which opened the way to the vast coal tar colour industry. The first factory for the manufacture of coal tar colours was opened near Harrow in the following year. The value of the industry is now estimated at £20,000,000 a year.

To celebrate the jubilee of the discovery, Dr. Perkin, who is now Professor of Organic Chemistry at Owens College, Manchester, will be entertained at a banquet at the Hotel Metropole, London, on July 26, when many distinguished guests from all parts of the world will assemble to do him honour.

A single diamond mine in South Africa yielded $5.23 for every minute of last year.

The Kalmucks of Central Asia have a romantic marriage ceremony. The girl mounts a horse, and rides away at full speed. When she has got a fair start the lover goes off in pursuit. If he catches her, she becomes his wife; but if he fails to overtake her, the match is broken off. A Kalmuck girl is rarely caught against her will.

Man has a rival in the art of shaving in a South American bird called the "razor-bill," which actually begins shaving on arriving at maturity. Naturally adorned with long blue tail feathers, it is not satisfied with them in their natural state, but with its beak nips off the web on each side, leaving only a little oval tuft at the end of each.

The vast mass of paper made in China is made by hand in small establishments. The rough paper is made back to the hills.

MY CAPTAIN.

Where art thou, O my Captain,
For I cannot see thy face?
"Yet am I here, have thou no fear;
Step in and fill thy place."

The coming battle, Captain,
What doth it mean to me?
"It meaneth naught, till it be won,
For the end thou canst not see."

I would brave, my Captain,
But fear oft proves a guest.
"March on! think thou of duty;
Leave thou with me the rest."

I fain would halt, my Captain,
For the way has been full long.
"I march with thee—lift up thy voice,
And cheer thee with a song."

The way is rough, my Captain,
Hast thou no thought for me?
"Long ere yet thy feet were set,
I trod this road for thee."

But if I fail, my Captain,
And fall out on that day?
"The fight goes on, the battle woo,
But thou art far away."

The victory—O Captain,
The bitter fight is past;
Through the fiery rain of hell,
I saw thy face at last!

The watch is set, the camp fires burn,
Weary at last I rest,
O Captain of the souls of men,
Thy way alone is best!

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